

'GEN.' JONES SHOWS FEET

Upstaters Eager to Learn Size of Her Shoes.

GOOD RESULTS OF TOUR

Leader of Suffrage Marchers Says Countrywomen Are Converts to the "Cause."

"General" Rosalie Jones returned to town yesterday with a fine string of parades and pageants, the result of twenty-five days' work in the wilds of Central New York. The "general" was weary, however. Six parades and sixty-three street speeches in the heat have proved just about a match for the plucky little "general." She announces her intention of going into retirement for the summer. "I have to do some mental housecleaning," she said. "One's brain gets dreadfully dusty these trips. All you do is make speech, speech, speech, and tell people why women want the vote. You never have time to read a newspaper or a book. People asked me about some of the spring's suffrage books on this last trip and I was ashamed not to have read them."

The "General" in Demand.

This efficiency scheme did not meet with unqualified approval in the backwoods, however. "All you General Jones!" inquired the village spokesman. "No, I'm Corporal Klatschken"—or "Well, no, but I'm Colonel Craft," the answer would be.

"Huh," said the village fathers. "Why don't you send the general? We ain't no East Side show down here."

"But we can talk to you just the same as the general," protested the lesser officers.

"We don't want to hear you talk. We want to see General Jones," the answer would come floating back from behind the cracker barrel, as the village disintegrated. The general thinks it was her feet that were the lodestone to the natives. They wanted to see for themselves just how big they were, she said yesterday.

In one town Miss Elsie McKenzie, the English suffragette who was with Mrs. O. H. Belmont last winter and who ran over from Canada to spend a few days with her old friends, passed herself off as "General" Rosalie, and everybody was happy.

"Buffalo had the largest parade," the "general" reported. "and Monticello the funniest. There Miss Rudolph Muller offered a ball and hat as a prize to the boy who would bring the largest delegation to march in the suffrage parade. I guess every child in Monticello was on hand and there were many contested delegates. 'Hey! Jimmie Town, you belong to me,' one captain would shout, only to be interrupted by a rival: 'You, Jimmie, you're mine. If you dare go with that Muggsie Brown, I'll'—"

The chief value of the trip, the "general" said, "was that it showed that the upstate women were awake. In none of the towns had they ever had a suffrage parade before. In few of them had the women even been out on the street with ribbons or papers to sell."

"They have done it once now," said the "general," "and we can depend on them to fight for themselves from now till 1915."

WOMEN ORGANIZE TO LOWER RENTS AND TAXES

Details To Be Settled at Meeting Tuesday—Head of Men's Club Tells Plans.

The Society to Lower Rents and Reduce Taxes on Homes, though only a week old, has found that it cannot get along without women. At a meeting held yesterday at the Women's Trade Union League, No. 43 East 22d street, this resolution was passed:

"Whereas, The state Legislature has twice refused to submit to a referendum vote the question of gradually reducing the rate on buildings to half that on land in the city; be it

"Resolved, That we organize a women's society to work for said referendum."

Benjamin Marsh, who made a speech, said that women were a recognized force now with politicians, and would have the vote soon.

"In 1915, isn't it?" he asked Mrs. Martha Wentworth Suffren, who was presiding, and Mrs. Suffren murmured:

"I hope so."

A committee, consisting of Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Suffren, Miss Rembaum, Mrs. George Lloyd, Mrs. Abram I. Elkus and Mrs. A. Seeley was named to form the society. They will meet at Mrs. Crosby's home, No. 160 West 82d street, on Tuesday to settle details.

Frederic Cyrus Leubuscher, president of the Men's Society to Lower Rents and Reduce Taxes on Homes, made a long speech about the cause of high rents. It would have been longer, but Mrs. Crosby said she dined at 6 o'clock, and it was then 5:30. With a firm hand she put the parliamentary task on Mr. Leubuscher's eloquence, and nobody's dinner was kept waiting long.

GOES AFTER ELOPING GIRL

Father Won't Let Her Wed President's Yeoman.

Walter Flower, the druggist whose eighteen-year-old daughter Maud was found in Washington Wednesday, as she and Larry B. Collins were on their way to a minister's house to get married, left here for the capital yesterday, accompanied by his wife and son. Miss Flower was detained by the police as a fugitive and placed in the House of Detention.

At the Flower home, No. 44 Central Park West, a servant last night said the family would not return for several days.

Miss Flower and Collins, who is a year her senior and a woman on the Mayflower, the President's yacht, first met eighteen months ago, while Collins was a pupil at the Culver Military Academy, in Indiana.

A week ago Miss Flower left school in Westchester and came to New York. She was to have gone to Maine with her parents next week. But Saturday she left her home and met Collins in Washington, where they obtained a marriage license and were on the point of being made man and wife when the police, warned by Mr. Flower, interposed.

SUFFRAGETTES INVADING CONEY ISLAND.

From left to right—Miss Rose Winslow, Miss Margaret McLaughlin, Mrs. A. M. Besant, Miss Mabel Schofield and Miss Lillian Walker.



'SUFFS' CHASED BY GIANT

Meet Other Thrilling Adventures at Coney Island.

Oh, well for the camera man that fleet foot was he! Oh, well for the Coney clown that he bobbed rapidly! For such a race as that suffragette parade was never their luck to see.

It was one, two, three—now you see 'em and now you don't—with the "Votes for Women" sandwich board parade at Coney Island yesterday. Miss Margaret McLaughlin had to hurry home to get dinner, and her mental unrest communicated itself to the rest of the army.

It was a pity, because they could have had a wonderful time, and they needn't have accepted more than one-half of the invitations flung at their feet by grinning Indians, Zulus, cowboys, Chinamen, pirates and other natives of Surf avenue.

"Ladies! Ladies! Wait a minute, I take nice pictures of you!" pleaded a fat proprietor of a "have-your-photo-in-an-airship establishment, two for five cents."

"Ya, ya! Here dey come, suffragettes! Have a ride in de merry-go-round, ladies!" shouted a lanky youth, running after them half way up the block.

A ten-foot giant imperiled his life and the health of his kiths in a hopeless race down his little alley to yell at the fast disappearing suffrage backs.

"Come on in, gals! Come on in! See the best show in Coney!"

Miss McLaughlin fixed stern eyes upon those unperturbed potatoes and resisted all the blandishments of Coney Island. Miss Walker, Miss Rose Winslow, Miss Mabel Schofield and Mrs. A. M. Besant felt that the dignity and stability of the "cause" hung upon the exactitude with which they toed the chalk line of duty. Not a peep, not even the tail of a "hot dog" passed their Puritanic lips during that whole long afternoon.

The visitors by the sea stolidly staring at the dull gray waves seemed pathetically grateful for anything, even suffragettes, that promised to enliven the sultry afternoon. Youth in bathing suits and women with tattered lunch boxes came forward eagerly to meet the "circus," but it tarried not, nor turned.

Three men flapped their founders in their faces and begged them to stay and make a speech—but in vain. Twenty fishes could not have held that parade.

The only smile that was cracked during their whole progress was when a fat woman in a shrunken gray flannel bathing suit turned to stare.

"Making holy sights of themselves," she ejaculated, angrily.

The placards which the sandwich board carried announced the meeting to-morrow afternoon which will be held on the sands by the municipal bathhouse. The meeting will be under the auspices of the Women's Political Union.

To-morrow morning the "parade" will travel through Brooklyn, with green, purple and white parasols, to advertise the meeting some more.

DAISY MADE A STATE FLOWER.

[By Telegraph to the Tribune.] Harrisburg, Penn., June 25.—The daisy will be chosen as Pennsylvania's state flower by legislative enactment. In the House the daisy was favored and in the Senate D. preference was for the lilac, but in conference committee to-day a compromise was reached by adopting the daisy.

BIG GAME FOR "NEWSIES"

Giants and Yankees to Play in Home Fund Benefit.

There's some big news for New York's baseball "fans." The Giants and Yankees are coming together—and in mid-season at that.

They're going to fight one another on the Polo Grounds, and it will be a fight to the finish.

All the daily papers of New York and Brooklyn are back of the contest, and every penny taken in will go to the Newsboys' Home Club.

The big game will make baseball history in the early part of July.

Tickets will be on sale at all the newspaper offices and their branches in the city to-morrow. Every hotel newsstand and theatre ticket office here will also have them.

Already inquiries are crowding into the newspaper offices regarding tickets. The demand for them will probably be greater than for any game the big clubs have ever played except championship contests.

Manager John McGraw has promised that the best players on his team will be on hand, and so has Manager Frank Chance. They are both determined that those who give up their money to help along the little hustlers of the streets are going to see a game of ball that will be historic. There is to be no hippodroming or mere exhibition game about this. It is for keeps, and both clubs will be out to win.

The Yankees have been playing better ball lately. Manager Chance is satisfied they will give the Giants the game of the season. The sale of tickets promises to be big, and those who want to be sure of good seats will need to get in early.

The game has been arranged by the newspapers to help the newsboys raise the \$5,000 fund needed for their building. The clubs are both donating their services, and Managers Chance and McGraw have expressed themselves as pleased at being able to help along the youngsters.

When the great day arrives, the Polo Grounds, it is expected, will be filled with one of the biggest crowds it has known in years, and every visitor there will have a chance to root for their favorites in New York's two big teams. The novelty of a contest between these clubs in mid-season is expected to prove a drawing card of unusual interest.

TEN TEACHERS TO MARRY

Give Up Preaching Household Economy to Practise It.

[By Telegraph to the Tribune.] Pittsburgh, June 25.—Ten teachers of the domestic science department of the Pittsburgh public schools will become brides during the summer. The domestic science corps numbers one hundred, and to fill the vacancies ten graduates of the Carnegie Institute will be selected.

Miss Irene McDermott, director of the domestic science department, said to-day: "My teachers include some of the prettiest in the public schools. But that is not all. When a girl has passed through the hard work which is necessary to qualify for a position as teacher of household economy she has proved her worth by learning that the greatest thing a woman can do is to serve the next generation."

\$1 BRIBE A BOOMERANG

Patrolman Arrests "Count" Who Bid Low for Release.

HIS FLIGHT A MYSTERY

German Visitor Remains in Arms of Law After Offer of Paltry Tip.

One of the ten thousand honest men who make up the backbone of Commissioner Waldo's police force caused Felix von Borstow, who says he is a count, of German birth, to spend the night in the West 68th street police station. Sad, indeed, is the tale of the count, and not without a bit of mystery attached to it. He is a stranger in the city, the count declared, and like all foreigners, is apt to make mistakes. No greater blunder, however, could the count have made than when he slipped a dollar bill, according to the patrolman's hand yesterday afternoon when he had been intercepted in a mad cross-town flight and begged to be liberated.

William G. Marquez, a jeweller's clerk, was in pursuit of the fleeing count when he ran into the arm of the law. Although bent on catching him, the clerk did not know exactly why he wanted the count. Had he not believed all members of the police force to be corrupt, he might have occupied a more comfortable bed last night, for no complaint against him would have been made.

Yesterday afternoon "Count" von Borstow entered a jewelry establishment on Fifth avenue, declaring he was about to be married, and asked that a diamond ring valued at \$250 and a silver cup worth an additional \$50 be sent to his home, at No. 131 West 94th street. The "count" was dressed immaculately from head to foot, wearing an aristocratic cane and seemed quite worthy of the jeweller's confidence. The clerk, however, decided to take no chances, and as the jewelry was to be paid for on delivery decided to dash from the front porch and sped toward Broadway, Marquez ran the bell at No. 131, occupied by Dr. Dwight L. Hubbard, and was told by the woman who responded that the man running down the street had taken rooms there a week ago, declaring he was a German count from Frankfurt-on-Main. The "count's" actions impressed the clerk as strange, and he set out after the fleeing von Borstow, hoping to get an explanation.

Across Broadway sped the "count," with Marquez in his wake. As the former turned into West End avenue he ran rampant into Patrolman Fitzpatrick.

Glancing over his shoulder at the fast approaching clerk, the count fished a dollar bill from his pocket.

"Take this and let me go," he said. "I shall give you more later."

Fitzpatrick gave the "count's" coat collar an additional twist, took a firmer grip and awaited the arrival of Marquez.

Not being able to press any charge against the foreigner, Marquez was at a loss to explain to the patrolman why he had chased the man.

"Guess you'll have to let him go," he said.

But Fitzpatrick did not think so. "Trying to bribe an officer is a criminal action," he muttered. "Come on, you."

At the West 68th street station Von Borstow was unable to offer a satisfactory explanation for his flight. He was accused of having tried to bribe a policeman, however, and he was not asked why he had done that. He was locked up for the night, and this morning he will explain it before a magistrate in the West Side Court.

ILLINOIS SUFFRAGE BILL

Dunne Signs It, but Opponents Predict Court Fight.

Springfield, Ill., June 25.—Governor Dunne signed to-day the woman suffrage bill passed by the General Assembly, which provides that Illinois women of legal age may vote for all statutory offices. Opponents of the measure declare it will be tested in the courts.

Mrs. Dunne, wife of the Governor, was present, and Mrs. George Wilbur Trout, Mrs. Sherman M. Booth and Antoinette Funk, suffrage crusaders, who labored here for a week to get the bill passed, appeared at the Governor's office.

By his signature Governor Dunne made Illinois the first state east of the Mississippi to give women the ballot. The act will take effect on July 1.

NEW YORK'S BABY MARKET IS A GROWN-UP MARKET NOW

Holds Birthday Party Under Queensboro Bridge to Celebrate Its First Year's Growth.

The Queensboro Bridge Market was just one year old yesterday, and invitations were sent out for a birthday party in honor of the event.

The marketmen worked hard all the morning preparing a dress which should outshine anything ever worn by a market before. When done it was a symphony in all the tints most fashionable in market attire—beetroot red, carrot yellow, potato brown, codfish gray and lettuce green.

Many of the guests who were invited did not come—President Wilson, for instance, whose wife is a vice-president of the Housewives' League, wasn't there. But Mrs. Julian Heath said they preferred on the whole that he should stay in Washington and see to putting down the tariff on meat. Neither did Governor Selzer accept his invitation. But mothers came, mothers of the neighborhood, with shawls over their heads and babies in their arms, to celebrate with the market where they have come with their baskets every day the last year to buy the soup greens or bit of meat or treat of fish for dinner.

A stand was built on one side of the glassed-in inclosure, and here the speeches were made. One was by Mrs. Thomas A. Fulton, whose husband founded this market. Since his death, which occurred soon after, Mrs. Fulton has devoted much of her time to the work of carrying it on. Mrs. Fulton warned the housewives against the tricks of marketmen—not in Queensboro Bridge market, but wicked marketmen in other places—who pinch up the bottoms of paper bags so they won't hold so much, etc., etc. The only honest way of selling foods, she declared, was by weight.

Commissioner Patterson was there to represent Borough President McAneny, and talked enthusiastically, if vaguely, about what the city would like to do in the way of improving market conditions. He advised private individuals to keep their eyes on experimenting in markets, and implied that maybe New York would do something grand some day.

E. A. Tuttle, who made the next speech, dwelt on the oversupply of middlemen and speculators which had given the market conditions indignation.

"We producers don't make anything," he said, "but I'm free to confess that the consumer pays too much. It goes to the fellow in between. Why, one day when I sold lima beans for 40 cents a bushel I went down to Washington Market and priced lima beans at every vegetable stand and everywhere they were 15 cents a quart. So the retailers were getting \$1.50 a bushel."

"That same day lima beans were sold in this market for six cents a quart."

Mr. Tuttle advocated establishing markets by districts—one in the center of each of the districts to take in 20,000 or 40,000 people.

H. B. Fullerton, who with Mrs. Fulton and Mrs. Heath made up the committee on the anniversary, brought up some Long Island dew from his farm in honor of the occasion. The dew was on fresh green bunches of lettuce and curly cabbages and golden carrots which he had gathered in the early dawn and brought to town to illustrate his speech.

"See that!" he cried, shaking the drops from the vegetables. "Real dew. That is the way you should get vegetables up into your kiddies' stomachs—not the dried up specimens you find on the vendors' stands. And it is perfectly possible to get them to you fresh, if some sense is used in the shipping."

Mr. Fullerton disclosed some of the tricks of the marketmen, such as making over one box of strawberries into two, until the berries in a stand nearly blushed with shame to think that their family could be made a party to such fraud.

H. V. Bruce gave a talk about his plan for co-operative markets, and then everybody gathered round and talked about how the Queensboro Bridge enterprise had grown since a year ago, when it was just an open drafty space under the bridge, instead of instead of the meat stalls and canned goods stalls and bakers' stalls and vegetables and fruit and butter and fish stalls there was just one little experimental fish stall, and when the bringing of one load of vegetables from Long Island was an event.

But proudest of all yesterday was Thomas McCarthy, the meat man, who has done much of the detail work there from the start.

use their own imaginations, and themselves to endow objects with various attributes. If these be ready provided nearly all charm is gone. One has only to see a child with an elaborate new toy; an old one, which is probably featureless and perhaps almost formless, is preferred in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

The idea, which originated in Japan, of changing decoration is a sound one as regards movable pictures; a favorite one can be hung up as a reward, perhaps, and possibly more may be learned by changing these familiar objects.

In addition to pictures on a wall, there are the excellent colored friezes designed by some very good artists especially for nurseries; these, if they are not placed too high, are a source of pleasure and interest. Another good pictorial scheme is to form a dado top, at about the level of a child's eyes, of the pages of a colored picture book; these are cut out and pasted along the wall in their right sequence, with a neat border top and bottom. In a small nursery this is not quite feasible, because the dado will be hidden by necessary furniture.

Best of all the furniture for the nursery are those pieces which are in the right size and proportion for children. Simple, well designed chairs, tables, cupboards and so forth, all good in line, add much to the attractiveness of the nursery.

Treasures and brightly colored china or pottery is a very pleasing feature in a nursery, and plates and dishes for meals should be placed on the nursery dresser when not in use; also, vases for cut flowers. Most children have an extraordinary love of flowers, and when circumstances do not allow of their having their own little gardens there should certainly be window boxes; these add much to the beauty of a room. Flowers, in common with pictures and other forms of decoration, have a very great educational value, and generally received unconsciously, on the part of most observant persons, a little child.

minutes, cooking each side. Then set them in the oven to bake for ten minutes, placing them on a fine wire rack so that superfluous grease will drip from them. While the fish are in the oven put a big spoonful of butter into a frying pan. Then the fish were cooked in will do. Let the butter become a fine brown, but do not let it burn. Add to it half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and the juice of a lemon. After tossing the pan two or three times pour the sauce over the fish and serve immediately. The lemon juice counteracts the greasiness of the sauce.

Daily Bill of Fare.

SATURDAY.

BREAKFAST.—Creamed sago, porgies with tomatoes, toast, coffee.

LUNCHEON.—Minced tongue on toast, gingerbread, strawberries, tea.

DINNER.—Grilled breast of lamb, potatoes with parsley butter, fruit salad, coffee.

SCHOOLGIRLS HERE FROM ITALY.

Miss G. Sheldon, who has a school in Florence, Italy, for American girls, arrived here yesterday on board the Princess Irene from Naples, accompanied by five of her pupils. They are Miss Ruth Taft, Miss Jean Wheeler, Miss Eveleth Derby, Miss Charlotte Baker and Miss Ethel Van Dyke.

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The Antiseptic powder shaken into the shoes—The Standard Remedy for the feet for a quarter of a century. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y. The man who put the E's in F.E.E.

The Woman About Town

TYPES OF TYPES.—There's enough study in the types at Ellis Island to fill a library. Did you ever stand and watch the newly arrived enter the promised land? Every day they come. Some with faces alight, eager, hoping and wondering. Others, appalled by the newness of everything, betray no emotion whatever. With bags and bundles over their shoulders and their incongruous costumes, they give a picturesque tone to the surroundings. The Danes and Swedes are particularly noted for their good looks and the Dutch for their cleanliness. One very tall woman was gowned in ordinary homespun, but her dainty lace cap lent a note of distinction. When given a ham sandwich a small child grabbed at the bread in one flat and looked scornfully at the handkerchief. We had to find out the reason for her scorn, and learned that she was accustomed to having her bread dry. So the poor child has one ordeal before her, we suppose, and that is to learn to eat butter.

In one corner of the room a Russian is eating his first orange; peeling it, he throws the fruit away and eats the skin. Another is having his first chance at Yankee pie. He eats the pie—paper plate and all—and enjoys it. In one of the corridors we met a girl who had brought over some new clothing for her sister. She explained that some stylish friends were waiting at the Battery and she didn't want them to see her sister's "outlandish clothes." It took but a jiffy for her to fix the immigrant sister's hair and dress her in the ready made garments, and while she didn't look like a real New Yorker she wasn't a very bad imitation thereof.

GOALS.—Steamer for Sandy Hook about to leave. Up rushes a fat man, puffing and blowing. "Hold!" he cries to no one in particular. "Hold that boat! I can't take another breath. I've got to catch it!" He does. Next comes a pompous looking colored man taking enormous strides. Not a word does he utter, but looks mighty pleased with himself as he takes a flying leap over the gangplank. Several passengers off is a poor old black woman—completely tucked out—toting two large bags. "Laws, keep dat boat till Ah gets aboard. If yo' don't den Ah don't fo'!" As she gets over she mutters "Bressin's on de Lawd fo' a-savin' dat job." The boat is just off, when two more tardy ones sprint up. "Too late!" is the cry. They look at each other. "Well," says one. "Well," says the other, "we should have started a little sooner!"

SOME WEIGHS.—The auctioneer in a 14th street store put up a small box, looked very important, and began: "Ladies and gentlemen! Something very valuable's in here. How much am I offered? Anything you like." The box fell at 20 cents to a meek looking woman. It contained a dozen tin spoons. "Are they silver?" she timidly asked the man. "If you find they are," said he, "bring 'em back! I'll pay you double." The woman looked satisfied.

TO FOUND EUGENIC COLLEGE.

Washington, June 25.—Articles of incorporation of the Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation for the Study of Eugenics were filed here to-day, with deeds conveying thirty acres of land. The charter is perpetual and provides for thirty trustees not yet named.

Your Protection In the Binding

If you have been disappointed in grass floor coverings, just sit on having CREX, the original and genuine WIRE-GRASS covering. Refuse to take something "just as good."

CREX has more body and weight—will wear longer and give better satisfaction than any similar covering.

See that CREX is woven (almost invisibly) in the side binding on rounded edge, as illustrated below. Let's your protection and stands for HIGHEST QUALITY.

Best dealers carry an assortment of patterns and sizes. CREX CARPET CO., New York. Originators of Wire-Grass Floor Covering.

Postal Card Departments

All communications (and they are welcome) should be made by postal as far as it is possible.

Recipes Tested and Found Good.

All recipes appearing in these columns have been tested. Level measurements are used unless otherwise stated.

This department will be glad to answer any culinary questions submitted by readers and will reply by mail.

Address: Culinary Editor, New-York Tribune, No. 154 Nassau street.

JELLIED CHICKEN.—Cut in small dice all the chicken left over from a chicken "en casserole." Thin the leftover gravy with a little boiling water and add sufficient gelatine to stiffen it when cold. Stir the diced chicken into it, season it well and set it on ice to harden. There will probably not be a large share of this jellied chicken, but with a garnish of salad, some crisp crusted French bread and a small dish of conserve, not to mention "the cup that cheers," one may have a delightful light luncheon for a hot day.

ONION SOUP.—Have ready one quart of milk, four large onions, three egg yolks, three tablespoonsful of butter, a large tablespoonful of flour, a cupful of cream and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Put the butter into the frying pan; cut the onions into thin slices and add them; stir them until they begin to brown and then cover the pan containing them. Set it back, where the onions must simmer for half an hour, then draw it again to the front of the stove, and add the flour and stir the whole constantly for three minutes. Mix it with the boiling hot milk and cook it for fifteen minutes. Press the soup through a strainer. Return it to the fire and add a seasoning of salt and pepper. Beat the egg yolks well, add the cream to them and then stir both into the soup. Let the whole cook three minutes, stirring constantly. Serve immediately with croutons. Milk may be used in place of cream, if an extra tablespoonful of butter is added.

BLACKFISH, WITH BROWN BUTTER.—Have ready two small fish weighing about a pound and a half each. Prepare as for frying and saute them in a liberal tablespoonful of butter for five

minutes, cooking each side. Then set them in the oven to bake for ten minutes, placing them on a fine wire rack so that superfluous grease will drip from them. While the fish are in the oven put a big spoonful of butter into a frying pan. Then the fish were cooked in will do. Let the butter become a fine brown, but do not let it burn. Add to it half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and the juice of a lemon. After tossing the pan two or three times pour the sauce over the fish and serve immediately. The lemon juice counteracts the greasiness of the sauce.

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